IN THE HOSPITAL.

An' is it Christmas mornin'? I've lost my count o' time, But I thought it must be Christmas, by the ella' sweet, solemn chime; An' I had a dream of the home folks, just as

the mornin' broke— Maybe 'twas the bells that brought it—ringin'

An' is it Christmas mornin'? an' while I'm lyin' here, The folks to church are goin'—the bells do Fathers, an' mothers, an' children-merrily over the snow-Just as we used to go, on Christmas long

Oh, yes! I know you're good, nurse; an' I try not to fret. But at Christmas time-no wonder if my eyes with tears are wet. For I saw so plain, in my dream, the brown house by the mill: An' my father, an' my mother !- ah me! are they living still?

An' as they go to church to-day, do they think an' speak of me. An' wonder where poor Katie is, across the

An' well it is they cannot tell-an' may they hear my tale of woe!

never strong; But then her spirits was so bright, an' sweet her daily song.

She sings no more about the house, but I know she prays for me, An' wipes away the droppin' tears for the child she ne'er may see.

My father's bent with honest toil, an' trouble But never has he had to bear a word or look of scorn; An' never shall it come through me-for all I

have been wild, I'd rather die a thousand deaths than shame him in his child.

Oh, yes! I have been sinful; but some were more to blame, Who never think, because of that, to hang their heads for shame. Ah, well! I mustn't think of them, but of my-That He will take away the sin, who came on

Christmas Day. La' thank you for the letter, nurse, you say the ladies brought; 'Twas kind of them to think of me-I thank them for the thought.

The print is easy read-but, oh! what would I give to see Just one small scrap o' writin' from the old home foiks to me! But, nurse, those bells seem tellin' of the bet-

ter home above. Where sin and sorrow cannot come, but all is pence and love; Where broken hearts are healed at last, an'

darkness passed away. An' he shall bid us welcome home, who came on Christmas Day.

—Agnes M. Machar.

RECONCILIATION.



said Mr. Grey, you say you love this girl? Pshaw, all young men say that. A passing faney, my dear son; you will soon get

Yes, we have always looked forward to our making a brilliant marhave, to throw

"Mother you need think so no longer; I love Marie beyond everything in the world, my only regret is that I am not worthy of See her yourself before judging rashly, and just think if it had not been for her never-ceasing care, day after day and night after night, I might never have left Cairo," and Shirley Grey, captain in her Majesty's Guards, drew his bandsome form up to its fullest height, as he angrily returned his

father's glance. While quite acknowledging that the girl may be a good nurse. I refuse to acknowledge her as a fitting wife for my son and heir, said the old gentlemen pomponsly. "A substantial check is the fitting reward for her

You don't know Marie Clifford, father, or else you would not have made such a suggestion." Shirley replied, trying to subdue his fast-rising anger; " she is as well, may better born than I.



"I do not core what her antecedents are, rejoined his father furiously, "No pauper shall enter my family! She is an artful, deceitful minx and has laid herself out to capti-

vate you, and ---Spare your hard words, I beg," said Shirley, nervously twisting his dark monstache and now deadly pale. "To be short and to the point. Marie became my wife six weeks in Cairo and is in lodgings in London,

while I came here to-to"

'To ask permission for an already irrevocable step," broke in Mr. Grey, who had also grown very pale, and continuing with a satir-"Well, sir, you will indeed find you have made a great mistake. You have chosen you wife-stick to her; but not one falling heavily. She had not long to wait, penny do you ever get again from me! Go. sir, go! I have done with you forever! And you, mother," cried Shirley, kneeling

beside her, "have you no word of kindness for me?" Father, mother, don't you know "I agree with your father, Shirley," said Mrs. Grey, stiffly; "all has been done by your own rebellious net."

"Never return here till you can come with-out one word of this woman. I will help you to free yourself from this unhappy step if you will consent to forget this miserable epi-sode in your life. What money can do shall

'Sir," said Shirley, rising from his knees, "you insult both me and her by such a con dition. I chose my wife before all the world and as long as I have a strong arm to defend and work for her she shall never want. If you had not been my father your gray hairs should not have protected you to-night!" And with a bow Shirley quitted his parents'

He passed slowly down the broad staircase.

express train to London passed Stonebury, the station three miles distant, about 11, and he smiled as he pictured his wife's delight when he returned so soon. A few paces down the avenue his countenance grew dark and gloomy; he stopped, and burying his face in his hands, groaned aloud: "To think," he cried wildly, as turning he saw the many lights from the manylon shining heightly through from the mansion shining brightly through the trees, "to think that it has come to this, my career blasted; and how have I bettered Marie, nothing is before us but starvation; but better that than to comply with my father's stipulation and be reinstated if I deserted her. Never, nover! Marie. You are worth double such a sacrifice, and yet how hard, how very hard." and blinded by grief Shirley stumbled down the avenue all uncon-scious of a dark figure which, concealed behind a clump of evergreens, had listened with widely-dilated eyes to the words which grief had wrung from him. On he went, not stop-ping to glance at the familiar landmarks, not needing the snow which was sottly falling, only thinking of the woman who must suffer for his sake. All night, as the train whirled rapidly southward, his dear Marie filled his thoughts. Only once or twice the howling of the wind made him open the window and look out. The snow was being blown mountains high and the cold was piercing, so he drew in in his head with a muttered prayer for all who were out on such a wild night. When, his journey over, he reached the quiet Bayswater never know;
For sure 'twould only break their hearts to he was surprised that she did not fly to welcome him, and hastily running to her room he found that not only was it empty, but had My mother must be gettin' old, an' she was evidently been untenanted the preceding In answer to his sharp ring at the bell his landlady appeared, and told him that in conformity with Mrs. Grey's orders she gave him a letter. "She told me if she returned with you, sir, it would not be neces-

> Shirley wildly snatched the letter from her, and rushing into the little sitting room, shut the door, and drawing a chair to the table. sat down and glanced at the fatal letter. It was simply addressed to "Captain Grey." He tore it hurriedly open and read as fol-

My own Shirley: According to my instruc tions, you will receive this from Mrs. Johnson. I have left you for ever. Do not attempt to seek me out or follow me. I have committed a great sin, for I never should have married you, my poor dear boy; but when came to me in Cairo and pleaded for love -ah! Shirley, it was so great!-I could not refuse you, and ever since I have felt that bury to your father and mother, and tell them you and I have parted. If I could untie the knot which binds you to me, I would do so. Think what you will of me, believe any word you may hear against me, but by the love you bear for me, do not seek for me; it will be useless, for you will never find me. shall watch your career from afar with love and pride, and who knows but hope may yet dawn for you and me? Ah! Shirley, my husband, heaven keep you. Farewell!

Shirley's first notion was to place the search for Marie in the hands of a detective; he could not obey her and remain passive, though he felt, by the gravity of the sharp officer's face, that it was indeed a hopeless task, for the only information he could supply was that Marie had left the house almost immediately after his own departure for Stone bury. His next step was to apply for active The days dragged wearily on. No. service. news of Marie. Orders came to proceed to Egypt on December 24, now only a week distant, and the same post brought a letter from Mr. Grey promising forgiveness and begging Shirley to return, for his mother was very ill. He replied thus:

My wife, hearing of your prejudice against not go. our union, has left me. I leave England Deshall not return.

Mr. Grey was a self-made man, and round his only child centered all his ambition, nineteen Shirley had joined the Household only son, who need | Cavalry, and for eleven years led a gay and only to ask to careless life, showing no intention of bringing a rich and high born wife to Stonebury Hall. yourself away on Orders for the Guards to proceed to Egypt were bailed by Captain Grey with delight. During his first engagement he received a dangerous gunshot wound, and was sent to the hospital at Cairo. The old, old story began for Shirley. The golden hair and beautiful gray eyes of the staff nurse did greater execution than the Arab's bullet. drew from her the short, sad story of her life Her father had been a naval officer, but early in life she was left an orphan and wholly unprovided for, and having no inclination towards a governess' vocation, she became a hospital nurse at the age of eighteen. years afterwards, she, with a staff of skilled urses, was sent to Caire; and thus Marie lifford and Shirley Grey met.
Three months passed, and the Guards were

under orders for home. Shirley pleaded so passionately that Marie, casting to the winds all other considerations, became his wife. On their arrival in London. Shirley, who knew what a blow his marriage would be to his parents, who had always looked forward to his making a brilliant match, installed Marie in Mrs. Johnson's lodgings, and started one morning for his northern home, promising to return to his wife the following day, and, with many a fond embrace and a few tears on Marie's side they parted. Traveling all day Shirley reached Stonebury about four that afternoon, the stormy interview with his parents supervened; and his return, only to discover his wife's flight. Gradually it had dawned upon Marie that she had done an injustice in becoming the wife of Shirley, and, it might be, estranging him from his parents, and after his departure this idea so gained upon her that she formed a desperate resolve. She would tollow Shirley by a later train, conceal herself near the house and watch him leave it. If happy and radiant she could picture his delight at seeing her and in taking her to his parents; but as she feared it might be, and if she saw Shirley crushed and broken down, she would go away and and broken down, she would go away and never see him again, leaving him free, and in the favor of his parents once more. She has the favor of his parents once more. She has-tily penned the letter we have seen and gave t to Mrs. Johnson, to be delivered to Shirley if he returned alone. When, at the end of a long and dreary journey Marie reached Stonebury, no one noticed the slight, girlish figure which, heavily cloaked, had to stop and re-peatedly ask the way to the ball. When all alone u the dark she groped her way up the gloomy avenue, the shadows of the bare trees adding to the weirdness of the scene, she almost wished she had never come, but nerving herself pushed on till many lights shining through the trees warned her that she was near the walls which enclosed all she had to love on earth, so she hastily took up her pos

behind a large clump of evergreen.

Her watch told her it was 8 o'clock. The moments dragged slowly on, and Marie grew cold and cramped from her crouching position, heedless of the fact that the snow was The heavy clang of a closing door and the



grating of a well known footstep on the gravel warned her that the supreme moment had come Her heart beat wildly. The footsteps stopped close by. Had she been discovered No, the darkness was impenetrable. At that moment, as if in answer to her thoughts, the moon emerged from the clouds and she looking at each familiar object as one never caught a glimpse of Shirley's face, haggard to see them again, and mechanically putting and changed. Could that countenance, pale on his hat, passed into the bleak December and drawn with mental pain, belong to him night. Looking at his watch he found that who a few hours before had left her flushed with brightest hopes? The words wrung from

Shirley, all unconscious of his trembling list-ener, sank into her heart like letters of fire, but ener, sank into her heart like letters of fire, but as she heard what voluntarily he would never have told her, she felt thankful for the course she had adopted. Shirley slowly left the spot, and, as his form was lost in the gloom and his faltering footstep was heard no more, Marie struggled to her feet, and, wildly stretching out her arms, cried, "Shirley! Shirley!"

No sound broke the intense stillness of the winter night, and as all the horrors of a great darkness and a great despair seemed to overwhelm her, she sank unconscious to the ground. It must have been an hour afterwards that Marie awoke, and rising, staggered a few steps onward. With bodily move ment came some measure of mental activity, and she had a dim feeling that she must make for the station, her plan being to take refuge with an old servant of her family, who lived in Wales, and of whom Shirley knew nothing. and there bury her broken life.

She was unconscious of her wet and drip ping garments, all unbeeding the hurricane that raged around or that every now and then she sank knee deep into the drifted snow-hours of ceaseless searching seemed to bring her no nearer to the desired end, for she was simply going round and round, as people so often do in a severe snow-storm. on she went, blinded by the snow, every limb raked with pain. She gasped for breath, everything swam before her dizzy gaze. Oh heaven! was this death? She struggled on for a few paces yet, and then with a shrick and wildly throwing up ber arms as if for aid

she fell senseless on the snow.

For long after Shirley quited his parents' presence neither spoke: the silence, save for Mrs. Grey's sobs, was unbroken. At last herose, and laying her hand on her husband's shoulder, she said: "John, I think, perhaps we have been hard and too hasty. Just think sary, but as she might not do so I give you of poor Shirley traveling in such a dreadful storm. This has been too much for me: I feel very ill," and with these words the old

lady quitted the room. When his wife had left him Mr. Grey moved restlessly to the window and drawing aside the thick curtains looked out. It was indeed a fearful night. Ever and anon the moon emerged from the clouds, only to show the snow, in blind sheets, eddying round the bouse. He shivered as he drew the curtains close once more, and placing an armchair ba fore the fire threw himself into it and thought long and bitterly. He took no notice of the hours as they dragged on, till suddenly he started from his seat, for above the howling of the wind rose a woman's shriek, wild and piercing. Without a second's hesitation he through me your prospects are forever blighted, and when you receive this you will acknowledge it to be so. Go back to Stonesteps from the door the lantern threw its light upon the figure of a woman lying huddled up on the snow. They boreher carefully to the house, where the half-frozen girl was tenderly cared for.

How came she to be out on such a night?" said Mr. Grey to his wife. young and beautiful, and a lady one can easi-

After a long while Marie opened her eyes with a long-drawn, shuddering sigh and feebly asked: "Where am I?" "You are safe enough, my child: you're at

Stonebury Hall, and here you'll stay till you've got over this night's work," answered kindly housekeeper, in whose charge Marie had been placed.

Her first impulse was to spring from her bed and leave the house in which all her happiness had been so ruthlessly shattered, but er exhaustion after all the cold and exposare, joined to the commands of Mrs. Smith. kept her still, and for a few days she was a prisoner to her own room, where for the first few days she was visited by Mrs. Grey, who n a kindly way tried to elicit some portion of her history, but Marie's lips on everything "I am an orphan-homeless and friendless,"

she would sob, but beyond this she would

But the old Indy's visits ceased, and on cember 24. Till you find for me my wife I shall not return. SHIRLEY GREY. Inquiring the reason, Marie was informed by the hall, the door swung open, and in burst a shall not return. She just sits brooding over her trouble

with Master Shirley-that's her only child, she explained That night, as Marie lay awake, thinking of the strange fate which had brought her to Stonebury Hall, she suddenly heard hurrying footsteps passing to and fro. Wrapping a cloak around her, she went

nto the corridor, and there met Mr. Grey. What is it?" she asked. "Mrs. Grey has had a stroke," groaned the

poor old man.
"I have been a nurse; I will go to her," plied Marie very quietly; and taking up her post by the sick bed, for ten days she hardly for a moment quitted the invalid's side.

At first the doctor demurred, but after a

few questions he was perfectly entisfied that Mrs. Grey could not be in better hands. And Marie was thankful that in some measure she could repay the shelter which had been so generously given to her, and longed for the time when she might sue for Shirley's par-

On the tenth day the doctor warned them that a crisis was at hand and advised that Captain Grey should be sent for. He added that if Mrs. Grey did recover it would be mainly through the devotion of her nurse. During those days of trouble Marie had, unknown to herself, crept into the affections of her unacknowledged father-in-law, trembling, she heard the verdict of the doc-

"My dear," said Mr. Grey to her when the latter had gone, "I must tell you what trouble I am in. My son has already refused to come. He married a woman to whom we objected Since I know we were too hard on him, but we parted a fortnight ago with bitter words on the very night on which we found you, poor child. Now, what shall I do? For if his mother does not—not recover, I know I shall never forgive myself if he does not see her."

"Would be not come if you promised to for-give both his wife and him?" asked Marie, timidly, a flush rising on her pale check.
"He says till I find his wife, who has left him, he will never come home again. Ah! child, if he had married some one like you, how gladly would I have forgiven him."

ing forth the whole story to her bewildered listener, who raised her with many a kind word and fond embrace.
On Christmas morning Shirley and his wife

stood looking out of the window at the sun, which had been hidden for many days, but had now burst out as if to salute not only the birthday of the Prince of Peace, but the birth of their own new-born hopes. The crisis was passed. Mrs. Grey was gradually tending towards recovery and many were the hours passed by Mr. Grey at his wife's bedside, where they could never extol enough the virtues of

"Shirley, how happy I am!" Marie mur-mured fondly. "Just to think that you might have been spending your Christmas Day on your way to Egypt-far, far from me and home!

"Ah! my darling," said Shirley, as he drew the golden head nearer to his own, "the shad-ows have passed and the sunshine is indeed falling on our path!"

> Out of the four great gates of day A tremulous music swells; Hear, bear, How sweet and clear, Over and under, far and near, A thousand happy bells. Joy, joy and jubilee! Good will to men from sea to sea, This merry Christmas tide.

"You want something to buy mamma s Christmas present, do you?" said papa; "and want to buy it yourselves, hey? Well, well, that is right, my children. You shall have it. She has been a good mother to you all these years. If you could only find some-thing," continued papa, as his blue eyes filled with tears, "that would keep your mamma's feet warm this winter I wouldn't begrudge \$50."

THE ancients generally maintained that there was a close connection between bees and the soul. Porphyry speaks of "those souls which the ancients called

BORN OF A KISS.

I'm the mistletoe bough,
I'm the mistletoe bough,
I could tell you of secrets galore,
There is hardly a lass
'Neath my shadow doth pass
But tarries for share of my store.

I'm born of a kiss, And many a miss, To Eros a subject, doth know Of the spell the casues To the mortal that wooes 'Neath the bower where mistletoes grow

Ah! damsel fair, With your innocent air, I'm loath to give gossip the tip, But I fear you are cute And have hint of the fruit That will surely accrue to your lip. -Wade Whipple.

A CHRISTMAS FROLIC.

It was Christmas eve. The air was crisp and keen out doors and the stars had a frost v sparkle overhead, though there was a dim shadow creeping along the horizon that Uncle Jack said meant snow before morning But it was very bright and cozy in grand ma's sitting room where an eager-faced and chattering group of boys and girls sat before the wide old-fashioned fire place in which

roared and sparkled a rollicking fire.

They had come down to grandpa's that day with their papas and mammas to spend Christmas, and glowing visions of festive cheer including a visit from Santa Claus kept to such a tumult in their thoughts that their ves were brimming with expectation, cropping out now and then among the boys in some irrepressible antic on the carpet. The capacious old Eastern farm house had been overflowing with life and merriment all the afternoon, for not only was there a family gathering of aunts, uncles and cousins, but several poor children of the neighborhood, whom grandma never failed to take under her generous wing at Christmas time, were there, too, and there had been such popping of corn and cracking of nuts in the great kitchen that when Uncle Jack set a basket of fragrant "pippins" and "golden sweets" down in their midst after supper, they were tired enough to settle down a fittle and eat apples and speculate on the advent of Santa 'I s'pect he's loading up somewhere this

very minute," said demure little Bess. Yes," answered her sister Sue, "and how can be ever get all the things in; and what a big, long memory he must have."
"Oh, you leave that to him," said Cousin Ben, with a superior air, sustained by confi-

dent visions of a much-desired pair of skates, he's been in the business too long to make any mistakes." The prospective Christmas dinner did not escape comments, for they had caught glimpses of the plump turkeys and game in cook's

charge, and managed a peep or two into the odorous depths of the pastry closet, where appetizing stores of mince-pies, tarts and frosted loaves were just waiting for tomorrow. Grandma was bustling about, looking after everybody, patting a curly head here and giving baby a toss there; her face shin-

ing with such love, peace and good will that she looked the living embodiment of Merry Christmas in herself. Presently someone came in with the anouncement that it had clouded over and was snowing fast. Sure enough, there wasn't a

star to be seen, and the air was full of the white flowers of the sky, "as if somebody had spilt a feather bed," said dimpled Fannie who and climbed up to see and flattened her funny little nose on the pane against which the big flakes were dancing and fluttering in the streaming lamplight outside.

The older people withdrew to the parlor, and some one proposing a game of "blind man's the fun was waxing fast and furious when suddenly there was a jingling of sleigh bells outside, a stamping and commotion in Christmas greetings and such a merry laugh, that grandma, who approached just then from the parlor, declared that it must be San-ta Claus himself. Everybody rushed in, and nobody had a doubt of it, for he was covered up to the ears in a huge for overcoat from which he shook the snow in showers, a tall, for cap half-hiding a cheery, round face, and such a backload of mysterious packages that after the first start of delighted surprise the children needed no second invitation to help him

off with his burden. Oh, what fun it was and how he was de clared 'just the bestest Santa" by the wee ones, and credited by the older ones with superior wisdom, for didn't everybody get just what they wanted the most? There was the veritable pair of skates for Ben, the great flaxen-haired beauty, with eyes that would "go to sleep and wake up," that Bessie had seen in her dreams, a cunning little chest of tools for ingenious Freddie, a treasure of a workbox for Sue, a dainty writing case for Jennie, and no end of bright pictured books, marbles and toys of all descriptions.

After a great deal of joyful tumult and jostling about and distributed by grandpa, it was found that nobody was forgotten, to cook and John in the kitchen, who had useful presents, and even dear old Lion, the big Newfoundland, had a brand new collar with

Now, for such a busy fellow as Santa must be, this was wonderful, the young folks thought, and when they turned to say so, and thank him for coming so early, and have a good look at dear old Santa, they only heard the front door shut hurriedly, a jingle of bells, a clatter of noofs that must be reindeer without doubt, and the wonderful vision of

Santa had disappeared.

If anybody was inclined to be skeptical there were the presents as solid and most agreeable proofs to the contrary, you see.
"Is Santa any relation to us?" said Kate Is Santa any relation to us? in an aside to mamma an hour later, "'cause his voice sounded some like Uncle Jack's, and he wore a coat that looked like grandpa's big

one turned-inside out, you know."
"Oh," said grandma, "I suppose he is a little related to everybody, especially the children," which explanation was quite satisfac-



LOOKING AHEAD. Little Jennie-"Well, I hope Santa Claus will come to our house before he fills this lady's stocking!"

I was hurnying home last night, cays a Boston man, when I found myself behind a shabby woman in rusty black, who was leading by the band a very little girl with a pinched and pathetic face. "Mamma, mamma," I heard the child say, "I am going to get you a Christmas present with my three pennies, but I am afraid I shall-have to take you with me to find the shop. Where do they sell diamonds?" If affection could be coine into money, (I find myself reflecting,) what a magnificent "solitaire" those three pennies would have purchased!

I never had a sweet gazetle To glad me with its soft black eye-But I would love it passing well Baked in a rich and crusty pie, If I could have a bird to love And nestle sweetly in my breast,

All other nestling birds above, The turkey-stuffed-would be that bird.

THE BIGWIG PAPERS.

BY S. V. FIESTER.

Pryphena Higgins' Thanksgiving Dinner, and the Disastrous Contretemps That At-tended It—A Rooster That Smelled to

Bigwig, Dec. 4, 1888, DEAR FIDOLA: I haven't written to you before, because I wanted to wait until we were settled down, and then I knows they are scarce enough here thought I'd wait till after Thanksgiving, so I could tell you something of our prospects. As I told you before I moved, Idetermined to have a grand opening on Thanksgiving; but, oh, Fidola, my heart aches to have to tell

you how it all turned out. You know I told you it would be a splendid chance to show folks what style we could put on when we had a mind to, and so three days before Thanksgiving I sent Sophia Jane out to invite the bigbugs of the town, and I am sure she must have invited them right, for she had a slip of paper, on which I had written the exact words of the invitation to look at. It read as follows:

Mns.——: Your presence is sophistically invited to be at the residence of Mr. and Mrs.
Tryphena Higgins on Thanksgiving, at such as you may see fit in your con

I used two big words, you see, which I found in the back part of the spellingbook, among the long, hard words, be cause I wanted the invitation to sound high-toned, and as though we were edicated, for I knew they wouldn't know the meaning of them any better than I upturned faces with a haughty stare;

Well, Fidola, Sophia Jane and I worked like horses to get everything him, and, rising, offers her his seat. slicked up and things baked. I bought the largest rooster I could find, for I determined to have enough, if it took all we possessed on this earth.

The guests came stringing along from ten o'clock till three, although they might have known I would not expect them till afternoon; and O. Fidola, only, only five came, and I had invited a plump dozen! When they began coming I was heal and ears in the work of cleaning that hateful old rooster, which I had nearly finished, but instead of sending Sophia Jane in to entertain the company, I went into the parlor myself and left her to finish the fowl, and I'll regret it to my dying day; but of that hereafter.

Well, Sophia Jane had the rooster on to roast when I came back, and so at three o'clock we had supper, for I was determined to have it early, so that if any of the neighbors were intending to the woman who is so comfortably slip in just in time to see what we had scated does not move. Then some to eat an l get asked to supper, they would miss their calculations. We all sat down, and after Phyletus had asked | plainly heard all over the car: "Close the blessing I told George Washington to carve the turkey, for it was such a large 100ster that Sophia Jane and I made up our minds we could pass it for a turkey just as well as not; and there is where we sinned like Sophia in the bible, for I had int n led to carve it be ore bringing it on the table, but it looked so nice and was done so brown teat I yielded to Sophia Jane and you," when one is offered a seat in a

brought it on whole. I forgot to tell you that one of our guests was a young lidy, and as George began to carve that hateful old roester. I saw her looking at him with sheepish eyes, and I thanked the Lord for Thanksgiving, for I know she was love struck. I began thinking of a wedding, and of being a grandmother, when I looked at George, and O, horrors! my heart turned sick at the sight, for that heedless Sophia Jane had left the craw in that rooster and George had cut right into the middle of it! And O! the smell was such that I began to mortify in my very victuals. Well, I didn't look around, for I hadn't the heart, nor I dida't want to, but Sophia Jane said some of the guests went out doors and liked to have spewed their insides out: keep his seat in the future. and poor George the always was so bashful, you know) just gave one look at that black-eyed lady and then upset the gravy all over the table, after which he stumbled out of the room. Poor Phyletus just sat still and said words which I wouldn't write on paper for the price of "this world of vanity and vexation of spirits," as the preacher says. When I finally took courage to look around I was all alone, for the company had gone, and neither of my children nor the old man were to be

found. I finally found Sophia on the back stoop nearly frozen, and I do believe Phyletus had been in the saloon, although he denied it, for his breath comfort. smelt awfully, and I am certain it wasn't the turkey that made it smell,

George didn't come home till ten o'clock and I don't know yet where he that rooster, and so I yanked out the ness .- Chicago Ledger. craw and took the bird over to one of our poor neighbors and gave it to them with my compliments. George heard since that they said they didn't thank wait for my reward in time to come, grudging I did that.

I haven't been out of the house since, go next Sunday if I get my new dress finished, for if I do the folks will all be so taken up with looking at it that they will forget the turkey-rooster scrape.

George and Sophia Jane still go in single harness. Ive heard that the men say Sophia is too fleshy, and the girls say George is too spare, and so I'm in a spondary, (I think that's the right word), but I will have them married by spring, or I'll barst with try-

George has found a good place to spend his spare time now, for there is -All the Year Round. a Blue Ribbon saloon here. It agrees with his health to lounge there, and he is getting hog fat at it; indeed, if it were not a temperance saloon, I'd be tempted to believe George was drinking something more than water there, for he is picking up amazingly fast, in his part of the programme. He did spite of the rooster trouble, and I'm in very well until he saw the company hopes the girls' objection in his case beginning to eat some jam that was will be done away with.

Phyletus is out chopping wood. I told him it would look more like style opposite to him, he bawled in the to keep a darky to do such odd jobs, sweet tones of childhood: but he couldn't find one in the whole town, and when he came back he was Free Press. mad. I shall have to feel resigned until he runs across a nigger, but I did want a darky so bad, not because I than his felloc :?

care how hard Phyletus works, but because it looks like style and don't cost

Phyletus has called me, and says it is bedtime, and so I must close. Now do write soon to your humble sister,

TRYPHENA HIGGINS. P. S .- Don't let homely Kate see my letter or she will be galavanting over here to catch a man, and goodness without an old maid of her age coming over to catch one. Yours, etc., T. H .-Chicago Ledger.

POLITENESS.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.



T seems strange to me that there are so few people in the world who are, or ever pretend to be,

polite. I have seen so many impolite people this week that I think I could fill a volume if I attempted to give a description of each.

But I will only mention a few of the most noticeable.

A lady enters a horse-car; every seat is taken; she glances along the row of one gentleman, near the end, can not withstand the sharp glance she gives With an audible sigh she sinks gracefully into it, never deigning to give as much as a nod of thanks to the man who stands up and clings to the little strap that waves over his head, thereby making himself extremely uncomfort-

able that she may be seated. Presently a lady seated next to her leaves the car. Then what does she do? Think you she gives the man standing a chance to sit down? You would, perhaps, but she does nothing of the sort. With a little shake of her dress she settles herself more comfortably, thus monopolizing both of the seats, evidently much to her own

satisfaction. Presently the car stops again, and a lady enters carrying an infant. Do you imagine the dress is pulled aside and the tired young mother is offered a seat? If so, you are mistaken, for thing happens; the door opens and the conductor enters, and his voice is up, here, and give this lady a seat." Then, and not until then, does she

condescend to move. I can not understand why it is, but in nine cases out of ten a man is more polite than a woman.

My idea is that one never loses anything by a little true politeness. It is a very simple thing to say "Thank crowded car. Yet how few take the trouble to say it.

I suppose the lady who neglects to thank a gentleman for giving up his seat to her considers it every man's duty to stand up and let the ladies sit

I, for one, do not think so. In my estimation a man has as good a right to retain his seat in the car as any lady has, and if he rises and offers it to a lady, it is simply because the man is a true gentleman, and his natural manly politeness will not permit him to be scated while a lady is obliged to

stand. Imagine his feelings when she takes it as a matter of course, without a word of thanks. One could not blame him if he registered a vow to

If, in going from a large building, a gentleman politely stops and holds open the heavy door for a lady, a stranger, to pass out, I should think it would be an impossibility for her to get through the door without some acknowledgment of his kindness.

But twice this week I have witnessed a like case. Once I was directly behind the lady (?) who passed out, without a word of thanks, and as the gentleman held the door open for me also I politely said "Thank you." And I am telling the truth when I say that he looked so astonished I was positively afraid he would lose his equilibrium and go down the steps too quickly for

Evidently he was not accustomed to receiving thanks for so small an act of kindness. Perhaps he thought I was from the "country," for it seems to be the style of the city people to comwas. None of us had the brass to eat | pletely ignore any little act of polite-

A Turkish Lamp-Lighter.

This functionary is a tall and gaunt Mussulman, with a fierce mustache, an me for such compliments, but I can embroidered searlet jacket, and a huge "fustanelle." He carries a ladder, a for if ever I gave anything without box of lucifer matches, and a huge green cotton umbrella. He plants his ladder against a wooden post, on the not even to meeting, but I will try to top of which a common tin lamp is insecurely fastened, and taking off the glass chimney opens his umbrella to keep off the wind. The handle of the umbrella is tucked under his arm, and then balancing himself on the rickety ladder he proceeds to strike a light with his lucifers, carefully protecting the spluttering flames with both his hands. Naturally this is a slow process and by the time the dozen lamps are lighted everybody is safe at home, for the citizens do not go out at night, but retire to rest at a very early hour.

He Had Tried It.

Mrs. Fitz Noodle had company to tea. Little Fitz Noodle had been told just how to behave, and a good big bribe was promised him if he acted out served in small dishes. Then fixing his round eyes on a majestic old lady

"Did yer taste the pill?"-Detroit

QUERY: Is the wheelwright better